

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL

A Fawcett Publication

DECEMBER

NO. 115



# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



**STIRRING  
ADVENTURE**

WITH

**THE  
WORLD'S  
MIGHTIEST  
MORTAL**

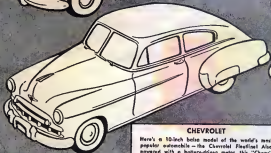
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OH, OH, BLACKJACK!  
LOOKS LIKE MORE  
TROUBLE!



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HOLDING UP  
GOLD STAGE  
NEAR BIG  
SMOKEY  
SMELTER!

"ROCKY" LANE and BLACK JACK—top action Western team at Republic Pictures. See this famous pair at your favorite movie.



HA! TEN BARS O'  
PURE GOLD. LETS  
MAKE TRACKS FOR  
THE BORDER!



THEY'LL GO FOR THE  
BORDER. I'LL TAKE  
SUICIDE PASS  
AND HEAD  
EM OFF.



THERE THEY COME.  
WELL STRING A ROPE  
ACROSS DEATH  
BEND CURVE

"Rocky" spots Gold Stage carrying heavy gold bars racing toward the border.



THEY WONT SEE THAT  
ROPE UNTIL THEYRE  
ATOP IT. WE'LL GET  
EM BY SURPRISE.



IT'S ALL OVER BOYS. COME  
REAL PEACEFUL LIKE.



THERE'S A BIG  
REWARD FOR  
THEM CRITTERS.  
"ROCKY."

THE REWARD I  
WANT IS A SMOOTH,  
REFRESHIN'  
CARNATION  
MALT.

The gold safe, the grateful owner of Big Smokey Smelter treats "Rocky" to a Carnation Malt.



SINGLE-HANDED,  
"ROCKY," HOW DID  
YOU DO IT?

EASY! I KEEP UP MY  
STRENGTH WITH THESE  
GOOD CARNATION  
MALTS



DRINK MY FAVORITE,  
CARNATION MALTED MILK.  
SWELL TASTIN' AND CHUCK  
FULL OF ENERGY AND  
MUSCLE-BUILDING FOOD.  
THEY'RE A CINC H TO  
MAKE RIGHT AT HOME  
ANYTIME. ASK YOUR MOM  
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*



# CAPTAIN MARVEL

## and THE DAY CIVILIZATION WENT BACKWARDS!

HOLY MOLEY! EVERYBODY IS GETTING RID OF ALL MACHINES AND INVENTIONS!

EACH NEW INVENTION, FROM THE SIMPLE WHEEL TO MODERN RADIO AND TELEVISION, HAS BEEN A STEP FORWARD IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION!

BUT SUDDENLY, CIVILIZATION BEGINS TO GO BACKWARDS! PEOPLE DISCARD THE RADIO, THE TELEVISION, THE TELEPHONE, THE AUTOMOBILE, THE AIRPLANE, AND SO ON DOWN THE LINE!

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS DREAD REVERSAL? THAT IS WHAT CAPTAIN MARVEL MUST DISCOVER AS HE BATTLES TO HALT THE WORLD'S DOWNWARD PLUNGE INTO AN UNCIVILIZED ABYSS!

WHENEVER BILLY BATSON, FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER, SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, WHO COMBINES IN HIS MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE THE POWERS OF SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST HEROES OF ALL TIME!

SHAZAM!  
HEROES  
AND  
ZULU  
AND  
MERCURY

SHAZAM!  
HEROES  
AND  
POWER  
AND  
SPEED

OVER STATION WHIZ-TV, BILLY BATSON INTRODUCES A GUEST SPEAKER!

FOLKS! I PRESENT TO YOU PROFESSOR SMOPE, WELL KNOWN AUTHORITY ON THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION! HE HAS AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR US ALL!

HELLO, FRIENDS!

CIVILIZATION IS BASED ON A SERIES OF GREAT DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS ---FIRE---IRON---THE WHEEL---THE STEAM ENGINE---RAILROADS---AUTO-MOBILES---THE AIRPLANE---RADIO---AND TELEVISION! CIVILIZATION IS ALWAYS MOVING ON TOWARD GREATER THINGS!



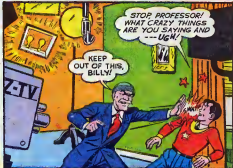
BUT NOW FOR MY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! BEGINNING AT TWELVE NOON, CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO REVERSE ITSELF AND START TO GO BACKWARDS!



WHAT?

YES, AT NOON TODAY CIVILIZATION WILL GO BACKWARDS INSTEAD OF FORWARDS!

HE MUST BE A MADMAN! AND WHY IS HE PUTTING ON THAT FUNNY CAP?



STOP, PROFESSOR! WHAT CRAZY THINGS ARE YOU SAYING AND ---UGH!

KEEP OUT OF THIS, BILLY!

THE HOUR HAS COME! CIVILIZATION WILL NOW MAKE AN ABOUT-FACE AND GO DOWNHILL! ALL INVENTIONS WILL BE DISCARDED, STARTING WITH THE LATEST ---TELEVISION!



I, PROFESSOR SWOPE, HEREBY UN-INVENT TELEVISION! FROM NOW ON, TELEVISION WILL BE CAST ASIDE! GET BUSY, EVERYBODY! THROW OUT ALL TELEVISION!



HE'S AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE! POOR FELLOW! I'D BETTER HAVE CAPTAIN MARVEL HANDLE HIM!

SHAZAM!

MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN AT THE MYSTIC WORD, AND BILLY BATSON VANISHES!



... AND IN HIS PLACE APPEARS CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!



MANNA'S LIKE THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS! I'LL TAKE HIM AWAY AS GENTLY AS I CAN!



COME QUIETLY, PROFESSOR!

CAPTAIN MARVEL! BUT I'M NOT CRAZY YOU IDIOT! IT'S HAPPENING! CIVILIZATION IS REALLY GOING BACKWARDS NOW!



LOOK!

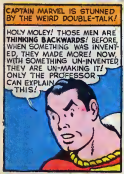
WYyyy! TELEVISION WAS JUST UN-INVENTED! TAKE ALL THIS JUNK OUT!

HOLY MOLEY!



STOP MEN! HAVE YOU GONE MAD, TOO?

BUT TELEVISION HAS BEEN UN-INVENTED! WHEN SOMETHING IS UN-INVENTED, YOU START UN-MAKING IT, DON'T YOU? ARE YOU STUPID OR SOMETHING?



CAPTAIN MARVEL IS STUNNED BY THE WEIRD DOUBLE-TALK!

HOLY MOLEY! THOSE MEN ARE THINKING BACKWARDS! BEFORE WHEN SOMETHING WAS INVENTED, THEY MADE MORE! NOW WITH SOMETHING UN-INVENTED THEY ARE UN-MAKING IT! ONLY THE PROFESSOR CAN EXPLAIN THIS!

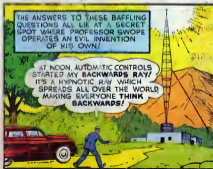
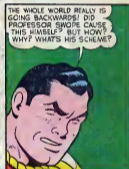
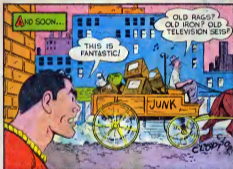


HE'S GONE! AND---YIPES! THEY'RE DUMPING THE TELEVISION CAMERA OUT THE WINDOW!

YAYyy! OUT IT GOES!



IT'LL HIT PEOPLE BELOW!









HOLY MOLEY! HERE IT ALL LIES, TO RUST AND ROT AWAY! CIVILIZATION IS GOING BACKWARDS ALL RIGHT, STRIPPING ITSELF OF ALL INVENTIONS!

AND OUTSIDE THE CITY, A FANTASTIC SIGHT GREET'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WAIT! WHAT GOES ON HERE? A GIANT ROCKET SHIP! AND IT'S BEING LOADED UP WITH THE ABANDONED THINGS!



THE FIRST LOAD IS ALMOST READY! HURRY, MEN!

PROFESSOR SWOPE! HE'S TAKING THE STUFF! WHAT DOES THIS ADD UP TO?



YOU'RE GOING TO TALK, PAL!

ULPS! MEN, HELP ME!



BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL QUICKLY DEFEATS THEM ALL!

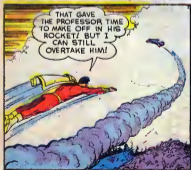
AS I WAS SAYING, PROFESSOR...

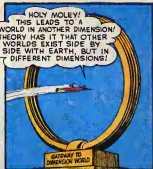
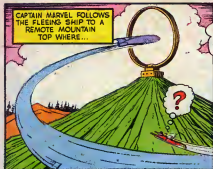
BAM!

SOCK!

OW! PO!

POW!







## TIGHTWAD TAD... NO SHINING EXAMPLE!



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# JON JARL SAVES 1950

A JON JARL Adventure

By Eando Binder



ONCE a month, it was the duty of Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police to visit Exile Asteroid. It was a tiny asteroid, and only one person lived there, a man called "Hitler" Carson. Jon landed his ship within the plastic dome, and the automatic doors slid shut behind him. Within the dome were breathable air and comfortable living quarters.

A short dark man with a bushy mustache and ruthless face came up, wearing a military uniform. "Hello, Hitler," grinned Jon. "Conquer any new worlds lately?"

Hitler Carson snarled. "Don't keep rubbing it in," he barked. "Don't forget that ten years ago I almost did conquer the whole universe! I, Hitler Carson, very nearly became the dictator of all the planets from Earth to Pluto!"

"Sure, sure," drawled Jon. "But you were defeated. Then, since capital punishment had been abolished, you could not be executed for your crime, so you were instead exiled to this asteroid, just as Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena."

"Ah, Napoleon!" breathed Carson, reverently. "There was another great man of history! He, too, almost conquered his world. But Hitler was even greater, and that's why I took his name for my own!"

Jon stared at the man. His history was strange. He was a megalomaniac, as Napoleon and Hitler had been before him. Ten years ago, he had secretly amassed a giant fleet of space bombers, and an army of fanatics, and had swept out to conquer the solar system. He had very nearly succeeded, bombing occupied world after world, building up his empire, which he planned to rule with an iron hand like Hitler of old. But attacking Earth itself, he had finally met his Waterloo, as the gallant Earth fleets rallied and shattered his mighty armada of space.

Utterly defeated and stripped of all power, Carson had then been exiled to this lonely asteroid, to live the rest of his natural life dreaming of the savage glory that would never be his. Jon visited him once a month, just to make sure he had not escaped, died, or gone mad. But escape was impossible. No ship was allowed for him to use. And none of his former henchmen could ever come to rescue him, for they, too, were all imprisoned for life.

However, to occupy his time, Carson had been allowed a small laboratory to putter around with harmlessly. He had been a good

scientist before he had gone out to conquer an empire.

"Let's check on your lab," Jon said, striding there. "Just in case you've cooked up something you shouldn't have." Carson had to be watched like a hawk. A leopard does not change its spots.

"What's this?" Jon asked, pointing to a new device that had not been there the previous month. It looked like a radio transmitter, but of a queer, unknown design.

Carson struck a pose of pride. "I just invented it. I'm a scientific genius, you know. It's my Time Radio. It can send radio signals not only through space, but through time!"

"What?" Jon said amazed. "You mean with this radio you can contact the future or past?"

"No, not the future," said Carson. "Just the past. Listen, as I tune in the year 1950, which is over three hundred years ago!"

He tuned the dials and a strange hum rose from the transmitter. "Hello, 1950! Hello, 1950!" Carson barked into the microphone. "This is Carson calling from 2261 A. D.! Come in, Jaxon Joad!"

Jon waited skeptically. It was impossible. No voice from the long dead age of the Twentieth century could come back. Carson must have gone mad, toying with the apparatus. It was impossible for someone of 1950 to answer and . . .

Jon jumped. Clear as a bell, a voice came back. "Hello, 2261! This is Jaxon Joad of 1950!"

Carson turned triumphantly to Jon. "See? I am a genius. I have made contact with the Twentieth century with my time radio!"

"It's—it's wonderful!" Jon had to admit.

"Projecting your voice three hundred years into the past and getting an answer from that day and age so long ago!" Jon became enthusiastic. "Why, with that, you can get all sorts of direct historical information about their time. Written records are always so incomplete. We can find out all the mysteries and unknown things about their age. For instance, did they have penicillin in 1950?"

Carson nodded. "I already found that out. They did. But they didn't have our wonder drug—saturnicillin, which we found on Saturn. So I sent him the formula!"

"Great!" Jon said. "In other words, in exchange for historical information they give us, we can in turn tell them of our advanced discoveries and inventions, thus helping the

Twentieth century civilization to progress!"

Jon hesitated, but then stuck out his hand. "Shake, Carson," he said earnestly. "You may have been a ruthless would-be dictator before, but now you've actually done a good thing. Maybe it partly atones for your former evil career. Shake!"

But suddenly, Jon turned, as something caught the corner of his eye. It was a big blueprint on a table nearby, and Jon instantly recognized it for the complete data on the greatest of all Twenty-third century war weapons—the Cosmic Bomb! Suspicion flashed into Jon's mind, and at the same moment, the voice of the man from 1950 once more came from the radio. Carson darted to turn it off, but Jon caught his wrist, and listened.

"Well, Carson," came the ancient voice of Jaxon Joad of 1950, "Let's get on with that new weapon, eh? Send me the rest of the data on your Cosmic Bomb. Then I'll secretly manufacture it and sweep out and conquer the world, back here in 1950."

Jon did not have to hear any more. "So that's it!" he roared at Carson. "Instead of trying to help the Twentieth century, you're going to plunge it into a bloody war of conquest!"

The last exclamation was not out of Jon's throat when a metal bar descended on his head. Jon had not seen it concealed behind Carson's back. Jon's mind went black, and when he awoke, minutes later, he was firmly bound hand and foot, with Carson leering over him.

"No," grated Carson, "I won't attempt now to fly away in your ship and escape my exile. It would be hopeless. The Space Police would spot me and eventually chase me down and drag me back. I know that it's utterly hopeless for me to try once more to conquer the universe, here in 2261!"

His eyes lit up with savage triumph now. "But I can help conquer the world of 1950 now, with my time radio! Isn't it clever? I'll give the Cosmic Bomb to Jaxon Joad, in 1950. With that terrifically powerful weapon, the hydrogen-bomb is a mere fire-cracker. Joad can conquer the whole world of 1950. He'll become their dictator. He'll succeed where Napoleon and Hitler failed. And through him, I will be the real dictator of 1950, conquering a world!"

Jon groaned. It was fantastic and diabolical. Carson had given up all hope of becoming dictator in 2261. But working with Jaxon Joad through the time radio, Carson would succeed in conquering the world of 1950! For the rest of his life, then, Carson could bask in the glory of his stooge—Jaxon Joad, Supreme Dictator of Earth, of 1950!

"Yes," gloated Carson. "It will be great fun helping Jaxon Joad conquer the Earth of his

time. And best of all, there's no danger to me. I'll just sit here like a master chess-player and use the people of 1950 as my pawns and change their whole history! What could be sweeter than that?"

Carson turned and began barking in his microphone. "All right, Joad, listen carefully. To make the Cosmic Bomb, in the third stage, use this formula and . . ."

On and on his voice droned, giving the vital data to the would-be dictator of 1950. And Jon was helpless to stop him. Once Carson finished giving his data, no power in the universe could change things and save the world of 1950. There would be a holocaustic war, and overnight, Jaxon Joad would smash all opposition and rule the world. Jon groaned again, in agony. He could only sit and watch this hideous deed take place before his eyes and ears.

Suddenly, Jon's eyes widened. A few feet away was the power cable feeding current to the radio. It was not insulated! Jon slowly, noiselessly, inched his way over, bound though he was hand and foot. It was agonizingly slow progress. If only Carson would not turn around and see . . .

"Do or die!" Jon thought. He touched his ropes to the cable.

There was a flash, Jon's whole body knotted as electrical current jolted him. Sizzling, the rope burst apart. Jon tore himself loose from the strands as Carson turned in alarm, swinging his metal club again. But Jon ducked and then rose from the floor with an uppercut that flung Carson halfway across the room.

It only took Jon a few seconds to wield the metal club and smash the time-radio to broken bits. Jaxon Joad of 1950 had not received the full data for the Cosmic Bomb. And no scientist of 1950 could complete the missing formula, so far beyond their time.

Earth of 1950 had been saved from crushing dictatorship!

**A**N hour later, Jon had thoroughly destroyed the entire laboratory. Then he turned to Carson, who had watched with dismay.

"That's the second time you failed to conquer a world," Jon grinned. "And you won't get a third chance, my fine friend. No laboratory for you any more. On my next visit, a month from now, I'll bring you paper dolls to cut out. Let's see you plan any world conquests with that!"

THE END

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# Captain MARVEL

## THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GENIE

CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO HELPING PEOPLE IN TROUBLE! BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, CAPTAIN MARVEL MEETS A MAN IN TROUBLE WHO REFUSES HIS HELP DOES THAT SEEM STRANGE? WELL, EVEN STRANGER EVENTS OCCUR AS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL TRIES TO GIVE AID TO HONEST JOHN HORTON!

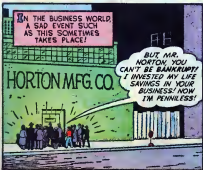
I'M YOUR SLAVE! YOU'RE MY MASTER! I'M GOING TO DO THE WORK, UNDERSTAND?

UH--YES, GENIE!



IN THE BUSINESS WORLD, A SAD EVENT SUCH AS THIS SOMETIMES TAKES PLACE!

BUT, MR. HORTON, YOU CAN'T BE BANKRUPT! I INVESTED MY LIFE SAVINGS IN YOUR BUSINESS! NOW I'M PENNILESS!



YES, I KNOW, SIR! BUT I PROMISE YOU I'LL PAY EVERY PENNY BACK! EVERY PENNY! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS 'HONEST' JOHN HORTON, AND I'LL PROVE IT. WAIT AND SEE!

BANKRUPT! OUT OF BUSINESS!



I'LL PRY BACK EVERY ONE OF YOU PEOPLE WHO INVESTED IN MY BUSINESS! I OWE YOU TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ALTOGETHER! JUST GIVE ME TIME AND NOT ONE OF YOU WILL LOSE HIS LIFE SAVINGS!



IN THE GROUP IS BOY BROADCASTER BILLY BATSON ON HAND TO PICK UP A NEWS STORY!

I BELIEVE YOU, HONEST JOHN HORTON! BUT HOW WILL YOU PAY BACK THAT BIG DEBT? I WORK AT STATION WHIZ! CAN I HELP YOU IN ANY WAY?



THANKS BUT---NO!

I DON'T WANT ANY HELP! THIS IS MY PROBLEM, AND I'LL EARN THE MONEY MYSELF! I'LL WORK DAY AND NIGHT LIKE A SLAVE! I'M NOT ONLY PROUD! HE'S REALLY A FINE, WORTHY MAN! I WISH HIM LUCK!



TIME PASSES AND ONE DAY, AS BILLY GOES OUT FOR LUNCH...

HONEST JOHN HORTON! WHY ARE YOU DIGGING DITCHES?

HELLO, BILLY! THIS PAYS WELL IF I DIG FAST! SORRY, NO TIME TO TALK!



AND THAT EVENING....

WHAT? YOU WORK EVENINGS, TOO?

YES, AS A SALESMAN! GOT TO HURRY AND COVER THIS WHOLE AREA!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT, AS BILLY RETURNS FROM A DISC JOCKEY INTERVIEW....

MR. HORTON! DON'T TELL ME YOU WORK ALL NIGHT, TOO! BUT YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF, MAN! WHEN DO YOU SLEEP?

I HAVE NO TIME FOR SLEEP! I'VE GOT TO KEEP WORKING AND PRY OFF THAT DEBT!



OH, HELLO, MRS. HORTON!

OH, MY POOR HUSBAND! HE HASN'T SLEPT FOR A WEEK! HE JUST KEEPS WORKING AND WORKING! HE'LL COLLAPSE UNDER THE STRAIN!



BILLY BATSON, OVERWHELMED WITH SYMPATHY AND ADMIRATION, DECIDES TO HELP!

IF EVER A MAN WAS WORTHY AND DESERVED HELP, HONEST JOHN HORTON IS THE ONE! HE'S KILLING HIMSELF TO PAY BACK DEBTS TO PEOPLE WHO INVESTED THEIR LIFE SAVINGS WITH HIM!

SHAZAM!

MAGIC LIGHTNING CRASHES DOWN AT THE MYSTIC NAME, CHANGING BILLY INTO HIS OTHER FORM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!

**BOOM!**

BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL MEETS A STRANGE REBUFF!

OHAY, HORTON! GIVE ME A SPONGE AND BETWEEN THE TWO OF US WE'LL...

NO! I WON'T ACCEPT ANY HELP - NOT EVEN FROM YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL! THIS IS MY JOB AND I'LL DO IT ALL ALONE!



HOLY MOLEY! HE'S TOO STUBBORN AND PROUD TO LET ME HELP HIM!

BUT HE'LL WEAR HIMSELF OUT! PLEASE, CAN'T YOU FIND SOME WAY OF HELPING HIM, CAPTAIN MARVEL? THERE MUST BE A WAY!

SELDOM BEFORE HAS CAPTAIN MARVEL MET SUCH A KNOTTY PROBLEM!

IS THERE A WAY? HOW CAN I HELP HORTON AGAINST HIS OWN WILL? IS THERE SOME WAY OF MAKING HIM ACCEPT MY HELP IN ANOTHER FORM... HMM! WAIT, I'M GETTING AN IDEA...

EAGERLY THE NEXT DAY, CAPTAIN MARVEL CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN!

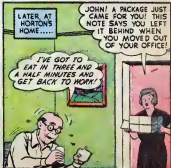
**CURIO SHOP**

I'LL GET WHAT I NEED IN THIS SHOP! HORTON IS GOING TO RECEIVE A PACKAGE AT HIS HOME SOON!

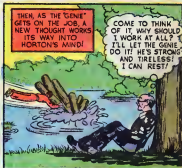
LATER AT HORTON'S HOME....

JOHN! A PACKAGE JUST CAME FOR YOU! THIS NOTE SAYS YOU LEFT IT BEHIND WHEN YOU MOVED OUT OF YOUR OFFICE!

I'VE GOT TO EAT IN THREE AND A HALF MINUTES AND GET BACK TO WORK!





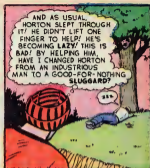




AND AT STILL ANOTHER JOB...

AN AVALANCHE BLOCKED THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD! HORTON TOOK THE JOB OF CLEARING IT! IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG!

ZZZZZ



AND AS USUAL, HORTON SLEPT THROUGH IT! HE DIDN'T LIFT ONE FINGER TO HELP! HE'S BECOMING LAZY! HE'S BAD! BY HELPING HIM, HAVE I CHANGED HORTON FROM AN INDUSTRIOUS MAN TO A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SLUGGARD?



LISTEN, HORTON! JUST BECAUSE A GENIE IS HELPING YOU DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN LOAF! GET BUSY, MAN, AND...

UH... OH... HUH?



SHUT UP YOU! SINCE WHEN CAN GENIES BAWL OUT THEIR MASTERS? YOU'RE MY SLAVE! JUST DO MY WORK AND KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT, SEE?

WHY, YOU...UH... I MEAN, YES, MASTER! I HEAR AND OBEY!



WHAT'S MORE, AFTER I PAY OFF THAT PIDDLING DEBT, I'M GOING TO MAKE BIG MONEY...FOR MYSELF! HAHNH! WITH YOU TO DO THE WORK, GENIE, I CAN BECOME A RICH MAN!

HOLY MOLEY! HOLY MOLEY!



WHAT A MESS! NOT ONLY IS HORTON GETTING LAZY BUT GREEDY! NOW HE'S GOING TO USE ME TO MAKE HIMSELF A RICH MAN! SHOULD I REVEAL MYSELF NOW AND END HIS SCHEME?



NO WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! I'LL SLIP THE "MAGIC LAMP" AWAY! I HOPE THIS WORKS THE RIGHT WAY, TO SAVE HORTON!

AH.... TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS! ONE MORE THOUSAND AND THAT LITTLE DEBT WILL BE PAID! THEN, A FREE MAN, I CAN START AMASSING A BIG FORTUNE OF MILLIONS, WITH THE GENIE AS MY SLAVE! HAHNH!

NOW FOR THE LAST JOB...HEY, WHERE'S THE MAGIC LAMP? AND THE GENIE'S GONE, TOO! BUT THERE'S STILL ONE MORE BIG JOB TO DO FOR THE LAST THOUSAND DOLLARS!



MY MAGIC LAMP! MY GENIE! THEY'RE GONE! I NEED THEM! WHAT'LL I DO? THIS IS AWFUL!



WAIT! WHAT IN THE WORLD'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY SHOULD I DEPEND ON A MAGIC LAMP AND A GENIE? I NEVER DID BEFORE IN MY LIFE! I'LL DO THAT LAST JOB MYSELF, THAT'S WHAT! WHAT AM I, A MAN OR A MOUSE?



CAPTAIN MARVEL FOLLOWS THE REFORMED HORTON TO HIS NEXT JOB, AND....

IT WORKED! FIRST, HORTON FELT LOST WITHOUT HIS "GENIE" BUT THEN HIS OWN MANHOOD CAME TO HIS RESCUE! HE'S DOING THE JOB HIMSELF!

BY GOLLY! IT FEELS GOOD TO WORK AGAIN!

THERE IS SUDDEN DANGER AS THE BRICK WALL COLLAPSES TOO SOON, BUT ANOTHER "GENIE" IS ON HAND AND....

BANG! BANG!

CRACK!

ULPS! CAPTAIN MARVEL!

CRASH!

I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE! YOU KNOW, CAPTAIN MARVEL, IF YOU LEAN ON OTHERS TOO MUCH, YOU LOSE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ON EARTH---YOUR OWN SELF-RESPECT!

LATER...

I'M GLAD THE "GENE" HELPED HONEST JOHN HORTON PLY OFF HIS DEBTS! MANY PEOPLE WOULD HAVE LOST THEIR LIFE SAVINGS AND GONE ON CHARITY OTHERWISE! SO IT WAS JUST AS IF CAPTAIN MARVEL HAD DONATED HIS SERVICES TO CHARITY!

BY THE WAY, THERE'S YOUR MAGIC LAMP!





# Captain MARVEL and

## MR. TAWNY'S PERSONALITY PERIL!

HOLY MOLEY! DID THIS STUFF CHANGE KIND AND GENTLE MR. TAWNY INTO A BIG ROUGHNECK? HE'S FIGHTING LIKE... ER... A TIGER!



**H**AVE YOU EVER BEEN DISSATISFIED WITH YOURSELF? HAVE YOU WISHED AT TIMES YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY?

WELL, EVEN AS YOU AND I, SUCH IS THE SUDDEN DESIRE THAT OVERWHELMS MR. TAWNY, THE TALKING TIGER!

LIKE ANYONE ELSE, MR. TAWNY TAWNY, THE INTELLIGENT TIGER, RECEIVES MANY CIRCULARS AND ADVERTISEMENTS IN HIS MAIL!

"HOW TO GROW HAIR"... I CERTAINLY DON'T NEED THAT!



PERSONALITY GUIDE! HMM, THIS LOOKS INTERESTING! I'VE OFTEN WONDERED JUST WHAT KIND OF PERSONALITY I HAVE! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!





NO, I'M NOT DEBONAIR!  
AND I'M NOT THE HIGHLY-  
CULTURED TYPE EITHER!  
DEAR ME!

ARE YOU  
DEBONAIR?

ARE YOU  
CULTURED?



MY WORD! I'M FAR  
FROM ROMANTIC! AND  
AT PARTIES, I USUALLY  
TAKE A-BACK SEAT AND  
WATCH OTHERS ENJOY  
THEMSELVES!



AND I'M NOT  
MASTERFUL! NOR A  
GOOD STORY-TELLER!  
AND I'M NOT A HE MAN!  
MY GOODNESS! THEN  
WHAT IS MY PERSON-  
ALITY? WHAT'S  
LEFT?



OHGOSH! HERE'S  
WHAT I AM---A DRAB!  
I HAVE NO PERSONALITY  
AT ALL! OH, THIS  
IS HORRIBLE!

ARE YOU SUFFER-  
ING FROM---DRAB  
PERSONALITY?

ARE YOU A NOBODY?

ARE YOU A PLAIN  
OLD  
**DRAB?**



AND AS CAPTAIN  
MARVEL CALLS ON  
HIS OLD FRIEND,  
HE FINDS MR.  
TAMNY BROODING  
WORRIEDLY!

HELLO, MR TAMNY! I JUST  
FINISHED NABBING A CROOK  
NEARBY, AND THOUGHT I'D  
DROP IN AND---HEY!  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH YOU?

I'M JUST A  
DRAB! I HAVE NO  
MORE PERSONALITY  
THAN A SICK MOUSE!  
WOE IS ME!



CHEER UP, MR TAMNY!  
IT CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL  
THAT! BESIDES, YOU HAVE  
A GOOD PERSONALITY!

WHACK!

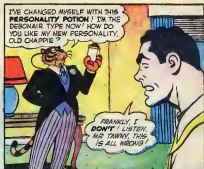
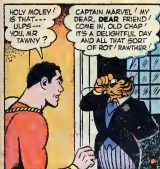
SUCH AS  
WHAT?

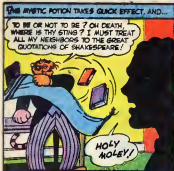


WHY, YOU'RE KIND  
AND---UH---GOOD AND  
---ER---WELL, YOU'RE  
HARD-WORKING AND---  
AND---UH---

SEE? I HAVE NO  
PERSONALITY AT  
ALL! IT'S LIKE TRYING  
TO DESCRIBE A FAITH-  
FUL OLD PLOW  
HORSE! I'M A  
DRAB, THAT'S  
ALL!











MEANWHILE, MR. TAWNY IS ABOUT TO TAKE ANOTHER POTION WHEN...

HOW TO BE "ROMANTIC" AND--- WHAT! GOOD HEAVENS! IS THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL OUT THERE PLAYING IN THAT SANDBOX?



WELL, MR. TAWNY! SO YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT BEING YOURSELF IS THE BEST THING, EH? BY THE WAY, I ONLY PRETENDED TO BE CHILDISH... TO BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

YOU WERE RIGHT ALL THE TIME, CAPTAIN MARVEL! TRYING TO CHANGE MY PERSONALITY WAS WRONG!



AND FINALLY, AS CAPTAIN MARVEL EXPLAINS EVERYTHING AND ROUNDS UP THE NEIGHBORS...



**BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY!** -BE THE FIRST TO OWN THIS BEAUTIFUL IDENTIFICATION BRACELET!



with **YOUR OWN NAME and BIRTHSTONE!**  
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY SMITH BROTHERS BOX  
Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,  
P. O. Box 268, Providence R.I.



**HERE'S ALL YOU DO!**

Just fill in the coupon below, Brothers, Inc. You'll get a beautiful bracelet fastened in the front cover of any Smith Nickel Silver right away!

Please Print Information below and send to: Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 268, Providence, R. I.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Do you want birthstone? Yes  No

If YES, give month of birth: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME FOR BRACELET: \_\_\_\_\_ (25 letters or less)

Wrist Size: Large  Small

**F**OR  
**A**DVENTURE  
**W**ITH  
**C**OLOR  
**E**XCITEMENT, AND  
**T**OPS IN  
**T**HRRILLS

**C**ALL FOR  
**O**NLY FAWCETT  
**M**AGAZINES...  
**I**0¢  
**C**OMIC  
**S**ENSATIONS!

WELLER BIRD

ANDY DETMERE

LARRY LAYTON

Gobby Hayes

Monte Hale

HOPALONG CASSIDY

CAPTAIN GARDNER

Captain Gordon

Tom Mix

Aladdin

The Millionaire

Howdy Doody



# DOPEY DANNY DEE A STRANGER



the more the merrier....  
**JOIN THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!**

CAPTAIN MARVEL  
Fawcett Press, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose 75¢ (in cash or stamps) to cover the cost of mailing this, I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which carries the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other surprises.

Name

Send

City

Please let me know that you receive a check-out receipt so that your membership will not be held up.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW!

here's what you get...

- MAGIC MEMBERSHIP CARD
- SECRET CODE
- OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON



# Captain Tootsie

## SAVES LITTLE SALLY!

By BILL SCHREIBER



CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS ARE WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES GAME ON A DANGEROUS ROOF



WAY I HAVE THE GLASSES, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE?

COME ON, TOOT!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

O. K. ROLLO, YOU TAKE THE BINOCULARS WHILE I HAVE MY FAVORITE CANDY... ENERGY GIVING TOOTSIE ROLL!



OH BOY, TOB WILLIAMS IS HITTING A LONG ONE... IT'S HITTING THE TOOTSIE ROLL SIGN... IT'S A HOME RUN!



WHILE EVERYONE ON THE ROOF IS EXCITINGLY WATCHING THE GAME, MARVELLETT'S LITTLE SISTER SALLY HAS PULLED AWAY FROM MARYBELLE'S CLASP... TODDLING TOWARD THE EDGE...



LOOK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! LITTLE SALLY HAS GOT AWAY - LOOK, SHE'S WALKING TO THE EDGE!



QUICKLY - IN THREE LONG STRIDES CAPTAIN TOOTSIE FIRMLY GRASPS THE TOOT'S ARM - SAVES HER FROM MAKING THAT FATAL LAST STEP...



WOW! JUST IN THE RICK OF TIME! SALLY, YOU HOLD ONTO SISTER'S HAND HEREAFTER!

THANK YOU CAPTAIN TOOTSIE - WE'RE THE GIRL'S PARENTS - HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?



PLEASE FORGET IT! SHE'S WORTH SAVING & BUT SHE SHOULDN'T BE ON THE ROOF!

WE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT UP HERE - NOW LET'S ALL HAVE SOME DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS AND SEE THE REST OF THE GAME... WHAT'S THE SCORE?



IT'S ALL TIED UP!

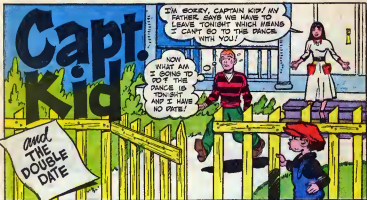
THANKS CAPTAIN TOOTSIE

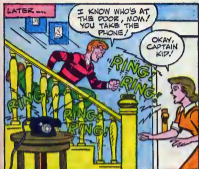
**Boys! Girls! Try those delicious TOOTSIE POPS! AND THE POPULAR, LUSCIOUS TOOTSIE ROLL, TOO!**

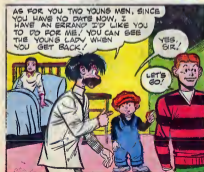
**Tootsie Pops 2¢**  
CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE MINT LOVE

**Tootsie Roll 5¢**  
only 5¢

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER







LATER, AT THE DANCE...

GOSH, IT'S TOO BAD THIS IS THE LAST DANCE ALKBADY! I COULD HAVE GONE ON DANCING WITH YOU FOREVER!

THEN HOW ABOUT GOING TO POP'S PLACE WHERE THE GANG HANGS OUT! PUPPY TOLD ME THERE'S A JUKE BOX THERE!

I'D LOVE TO, BUT I PROMISED MY MOTHER I'D BE HOME EARLY! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU RIGHT HOME!

LATER...

GOOD NIGHT, ANNIE!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY GOING ON! HE SEEMS TO BE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO LEAVE! I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!

AT THE SAME TIME...

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU, YOUNG LADY. THIS MAN'S NO DOCTOR, HE'S THE JANITOR!

WHAT?

LOOK! DON'T GET SORE! IT WAS ALL SUPPOSED TO BE A PRACTICAL JOKE!

AND AT THAT MOMENT...

HELLO, BETTY MAE! I JUST FINISHED THE BREAND!

OH, YOU JUST DID HUH?

I'LL TEACH YOU TO STAND ME UP!

SO THAT'S WHY HE WAS IN A HURRY TO LEAVE ME! HE HAD ANOTHER DATE!

CRASH!

OUCH!

MY VANITY'S BEEN HURT! ONE DATE A NIGHT IS ENOUGH FOR ANY FELLOW WHO TAKES ME OUT!

I'M THROUGH WITH HIM!

SO AM I!

WELL, NOW, HERE'S SOMEONE WHO REALLY NEEDS TO BE IN A HOSPITAL!

I JUST CAN'T WIN!

CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR REGULAR WEEKLY CODE MESSAGE!

USE YOUR CODE MESSAGE TO RECALL THIS OUT!

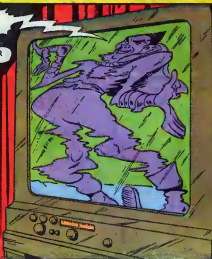
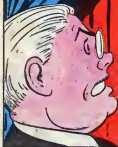
68V VERQ WI-HREZM2 IVGFIMH MVGB VLMGG DRGG  
ZMLGSVI SLIRXOV KOLG GL GZPV LEVI IFOV LU VZIG6!  
68RH GRNV 6V 6ZH Z HXGVNV PSRKS WFGH LFG ZDO URIV  
ZMW KOFNIVH XREORAZRGLM RMGL ZM ZYBHN LU XLMGFRLN  
ZMW 6VILI!DSZG XZM V6VM JZKGRM NZIEVO WL GL ZLNYZG  
68RH?WLNIG NRHH 6SV VCKRMT ZMHOVI RM MVCG  
NLMGG6 RHHFV!

# Captain MARVEL

## BATTLES THE TELEVISION TERROR

HELLO, TELEVISION FRIENDS! HERE I AM AGAIN, OVER WHIZ-TV!

GOODNESS! WHAT MONSTER IS THAT? IT CAN'T BE CAPTAIN MARVEL!



EVERYTHING SET, BILLY?

RIGHT, MR. MORRIS! START IT OFF!



TELEVISION FRIENDS! THIS IS STERLING MORRIS, OWNER OF STATION WHIZ--AM, FM AND TV! AND TODAY WE BEGIN OUR NEW PROGRAM CALLED YOU THE PUBLIC!



**S**TATION WHIZ-TV, PIONEER IN COLOR TELEVISION, INAUGURATES A NEW OUT-OF-DOORS TELECAST AT A BUSY STREET CORNER!

MY STAR BOY BROADCASTER, BILLY BATSON, WILL AID ME IN INTERVIEWING THE PASSING PUBLIC! WE HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY THIS TELECAST FOR THIS IS **YOU THE PUBLIC!**



YOU, MADAM! CAN YOU SPARE A MOMENT? TELL US ALL ABOUT YOUR-SELF!

I'M JUST A VISITOR TO YOUR CITY AND I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME! AND I'M SO THRILLED TO BE TELEVISED! MY NAME IS LUCY THISTLE- DOWN AND I WAS BORN IN IDAHO AND MY HOME TOWN IS THE GREATEST LITTLE CITY ON EARTH AND...



TEE HEE! WELL, ER, THANK YOU KINDLY, MADAM! DON'T LET US DETAIN YOU! NEXT!



AH! ANOTHER VISITOR FROM OUT OF TOWN! YOU, SIR!

PLEASE, I'M IN A HURRY...

OH COME NOW, SIR! DON'T YOU WANT TO BE TELEVISED? THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A SHORT MOMENT! HERE, I'LL HOLD YOUR SUITCASE!



WHAT IS YOUR PROFESSION, SIR? DOCTOR? LAWYER? BUSINESSMAN?

OH, THE SUITCASE CAME OPEN! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!



HOLY MOLEY! JEWELRY! AND A GUN! WHY, HE'S A CRIMINAL!

BLAST YOU BLUNDERING IDIOTS! I'M EXPOSED--- AND IN FRONT OF A TELEVISION CAMERA!



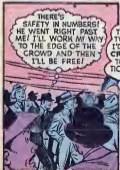
AND IN A NEARBY POLICE STATION DAY ROOM...

LOOK! THAT'S MARMADUKE VAN SLICK, THE INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEF!

THE MOST CUNNING JEWEL ROBBER ON EARTH! HE TAKES A YEAR TO PLAN EACH BIG HAUL, AND WAS NEVER CAUGHT YET!







LATER....

I'M FREE! BUT I LOST THE LOOT! BUT FOR THOSE TWO DUNGERHEADED IDIOTS, I'D HAVE ONCE MORE PULLED A CRIME CLASSIC! WHAT A BLOW TO MY PRIDE, NOT TO MENTION MY POCKETBOOK! THIS IS THE MOST MISERABLE MOMENT OF MY LIFE!

Watch for **You** the **PUBLIC**

ON **WHIZ-TV**

STERLING MORRIS

BILLY BATSON

MEANWHILE...

HE GOT AWAY!  
BUT EMPTY-HANDED  
ANYWAY!

TELEVISION FRIENDS!  
YOU HAVE UNEXPECTEDLY  
WITNESSED A GREAT  
DRAMATIC EVENT! KEEP  
TUNING IN WHIZ-TV  
FOR THE GREATEST  
IN TELEVISION  
ENTERTAINMENT!



I WISH I  
HAD CAUGHT  
THAT CROOK,  
THOUGH!

FORGET IT, CAPTAIN MARVEL! IT  
WASN'T YOUR FAULT HE GOT AWAY!  
BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT OTHER THINGS  
TO THINK ABOUT NOW! ESPECIALLY  
THAT NEW TELEVISION PROGRAM  
WE HAVE LINED UP FOR NEXT  
WEEK---STARRING YOU!



AND A WEEK LATER, IN THE WHIZ-TV COLOR STUDIO....

FRIENDS! I GIVE YOU  
A MAN WHO NEEDS  
NO INTRODUCTION....  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GOING  
TO GIVE A SHORT TALK  
ON CRIME AND  
CRIME PREVENTION  
METHODS!



I'M GOING TO SEE HOW THE RECEPTION COMES  
THROUGH ON THIS TELEVISION SCREEN IN MY  
OFFICE! WE'VE PERFECTED OUR COLOR  
TRANSMISSION NOW TO A POINT WHERE  
IT'S ALMOST PERFECT!



GOODNESS!  
WHAT'S WRONG?  
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SUIT  
IS GREEN INSTEAD  
OF RED!



**YIPES!** AND HIS FACE IS  
PURPLE! HIS EYES ARE  
RED! HIS TEETH ARE BLUE!  
THE PROGRAM IS UTTERLY  
RUINED! OUR TELEVISION  
AUDIENCE WILL TUNE  
US OUT!



AND ELSEWHERE, ON THOUSANDS  
OF RECEIVING SETS....

WHAT  
AWFUL  
COLORING!

WHIZ-TV  
IS NO GOOD!



AFTER THE PROGRAM, WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL HEARS THE BAD NEWS...

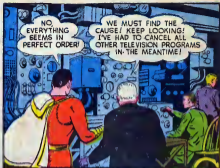
WHAT? THE PROGRAM RUINED BY MIXED UP COLORS? BUT WHAT CAUSED IT?

I DON'T KNOW! WE'D BETTER CHECK ALL OUR EQUIPMENT!



NO, EVERYTHING SEEMS IN PERFECT ORDER!

WE MUST FIND THE CAUSE! KEEP LOOKING! I'VE HAD TO CANCEL ALL OTHER TELEVISION PROGRAMS IN THE MEANTIME!



WAIT! HERE IT IS! A DEAD MOUSE ACROSS TWO WIRES! IT MUST HAVE THROWN THAT COLOR SYNCHRONIZER OFF!

HMM! WAS IT THAT SIMPLE? LET'S MAKE A QUICK TEST!



TESTING! TESTING! OKAY?

OKAY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOUR SUIT IS RED AGAIN! WE'RE READY FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S PROGRAM! THANK HEAVEN!



AND THE NEXT NIGHT....

HELLO, FRIENDS! TONIGHT I'LL TELL YOU SOME TRUE CRIME STORIES OF HOW CERTAIN CRIMINALS WERE CAUGHT!

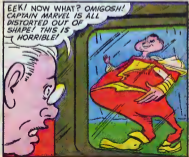


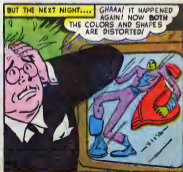
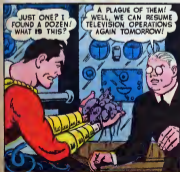
AH, EVERYTHING'S FINE NOW! THE COLORS ARE PERFECT!

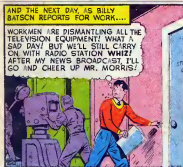


BUT SUDDENLY...

ECK! NOW WHAT? OMIGOSH! CAPTAIN MARVEL IS ALL DISTORTED OUT OF SHAPE! THIS IS HORRIBLE!









MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS THE REAL CAPTAIN MARVEL!

**BOOM!**

NOW I GET IT! THOSE DEAD NICE WERE RED HERRINGS TO MAKE US THINK SOMETHING INSIDE WHIZ HAD GONE WRONG! BUT IT WAS AN OUTSIDE JOB ALL THE TIME! I NEED SOME HIGH FREQUENCY TRACING EQUIPMENT!



SOON, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL TRACKS DOWN THE IMPULSES OF THE MYSTERIOUS TELECAST...

I FLEW ALL OVER AND GOT A READING FROM THREE DIRECTIONS TO FIND OUT WHERE THE TELECAST IS COMING FROM!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN, THE VILLAIN REVEALS HIMSELF AS NONE OTHER THAN MARMADUKE VAN SLICK, MASTER JEWEL THIEF!

HA, HA! IT'S WORKING GREAT! IT WAS PRETTY SLICK GETTING TWO CROOKS LIKE YOU TO PLAY THE PARTS OF BILLY BATSON AND CAPTAIN MARVEL, PUTTING ON THAT HORROR PROGRAM, AND GIVING WHIZ-TV THE FINAL KISS OF DEATH!



THOSE TWO BLUNDERING MORONS, BILLY BATSON AND STERLING MORRIS, RUINED MY LAST JEWELRY JOB! THAT CRIME WAS A CLASSIC! A WORK OF ART! SO I WANTED REVENGE! I WANTED THEM TO SUFFER AS I HAD OVER THE RUINATION OF MY GREAT CRIME MASTERPIECE!



USING MONEY FROM PREVIOUS HAULS, I BOUGHT THE NECESSARY EQUIPMENT TO SEND OUT AN INTERFERING SCRAMBLER SIGNAL ON THEIR TV CHANNEL! I CAUSED THE MIXED COLORS AND DISTORTIONS! BUT I PLANTED DEAD MICE IN THEIR PLACE TO FOOL THEM!



THIS HORROR PROGRAM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL GOING BERSERK WILL RUIN WHIZ COMPLETELY! MORRIS WILL BECOME A BANKRUPT PAUPER! AND BILLY BATSON WILL BE OUT OF A JOB! THAT'S MY BIG, CLEVER, TORTURING REVENGE AGAINST THEM! HA, HA, HAAA!



MEET THE REAL CAPTAIN MARVEL, VAN SLICK! AND THIS IS NO TELEVISION PROGRAM! I THINK YOUR CONFESSION TO THE FCC WILL CLEAR THE GOOD NAME OF WHIZ-TV COMPLETELY!



BUT THE GLOATING CRIMINAL DOES NOT KNOW HE HAS REVEALED ALL TO THE REAL BILLY BATSON, NOT A WRECK THUG!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! MY DOUBT WAS OUTSIDE ALL THIS TIME FOR A BREATH OF AIR! NOW....



AND WHEN ALL HAS BEEN STRAIGHTENED OUT, A GIANT RE-OPENING OF WHIZ-TV TAKES PLACE THE FOLLOWING NIGHT!

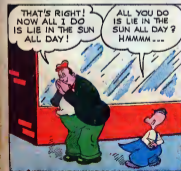
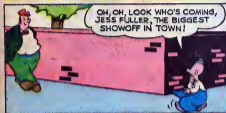
TELEVISION FRIENDS! WHIZ-TV IS BACK ON THE AIR, BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER! I GIVE YOU BILLY BATSON!

GREETINGS, FOLKS! WELL, AS WE WERE SAYING---BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED---ON WITH THE SHOW!



# Rubbernose Randolph

*shady character!*







THIS CHRISTMAS ASK DAD FOR A

# ROADMASTER

the BICYCLE  
with **BUMPERS!**



● Rugged side bumpers protect the beautiful finish of Roadmaster whenever it is dropped or laid on the ground ...or parked against a building...keeps your bicycle looking nice for years!

A brilliant brake-operated spotlight for safety

The exclusive Roadmaster horn in tank

Only Roadmaster has the famous Shockmaster coil barrel-spring fork

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Only Roadmaster has auto-type chrome Gothic fenders

Roadmaster has a Searchbeam Headlight—not a Spotlight

**Roadmaster**  
SMARTEST TO OWN  
SAFEST TO RIDE

**FREE**

**ROADMASTER**

West 117th Street & Barton Road Cleveland 7, O  
SHOW THIS FOLIOE TO MOM AND DAD!

Mail this coupon now for a colorful folder on the beautiful new Roadmasters. Show it to Mom and Dad. Tell them this is the bicycle you want for Christmas.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN IT!**

# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

*Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes*



## SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

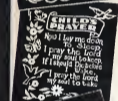
Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 25¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 15¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00**

**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risk. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or agent year commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



**WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO**

**STEPHENS CREDIT SALES**

Dept. G107 1921 A Church St.  
Nashville 3, Tennessee

# 2 NEW DAISY

TARGET OUTFITS

READY

FOR Christmas!



Get

The Famous **RED RYDER** GUN

## RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Be a cowboy sharpshooter! Own and shoot this husky RED RYDER CARBINE! It looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. Yours for only \$4.95! OR BETTER STILL... buy Daisy's great Target Set—get all this: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENUINE SUPPLY BULLS EYE BBS; SNOOZING & SCOPE MANUAL. Target RING when "bull" is hit. COMPLETE SET in big carton, \$7.50.

## NEW AMAZING 2-WAY TARGET SET with CONVERTIBLE PUMP GUN

Convert air rifle idea! Now—shoot regular steel BBs or new, safe, Jumbo Cork Ball indoor ammunition with same gun! COMPLETE OUTFIT here: FAMOUS, accurate hard-hitting "2-IN-1" PUMP GUN. Is 50-shot repeater, one bolt "take apart" model, pump action, walnut finish stock, gold engraved pistol. 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET, CARDS and 250 BBs for regular BB shooting; EXTRA CORK BALL SHOOTING BARREL (inserted in a p.p.s.); 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK BALLS (consumable); 5 SINKDOWN INDOOR TARGETS; SNOOZING & SCOPE USER MANUAL. COMPLETE OUTFIT in big carton, only \$9.95. Daisy Pump Gun ALONE, with BB shooting barrel, \$6.95!

DAISY AIR RIFLE CATALOG

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Mail Coupon Now!

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I enclose 10c plus stamped 3c stamp. Send me postpaid. Advance Dept. on DAISY TARGET COMPETITION plus brand new, colored DAISY AIR RIFLE CATALOG!

NAME .....

ST. & NO. ....

CITY ..... STATE .....

We can HELP YOU GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS, print below NAME and INITIALS of your FATHER or GUARDIAN We'll write him later!

FATHER'S NAME .....

At your Dealer's!

No. 28 \$6.95 PUMP GUN ALONE

No. 325 \$9.95 COMPLETE SET

No. 131 Only \$4.95 GUN ALONE

No. 333 COMPLETE OUTFIT \$7.50



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Mount This DAISY MAGNIFYING SCOPE No. 306 on your gun (except No. 100 Single Shot)! Improves accuracy. More fun! POSTPAID FROM FACTORY for \$2 or \$1.50 at your dealer!

ALL STEEL BELL RINGING TARGET, No. 178 To be a champion you NEED this sturdy metal target specially designed for real target practice. POSTPAID FROM FACTORY with Official Target Cards, for 70c or 80c at your nearest Daisy dealer!

DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT IS BEST FOR

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

176 BBs in New Great Pouch For Only 5c

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